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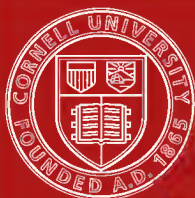


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HARLEY & CO

"YOU NOT SEE HIM VAY HIGH DARE!"







THE STORY OF  
LITTLE JAKY.

BY  
MRS. HELEN ALDRICH DE KROYFT,  
AUTHOR OF "A PLACE IN THY MEMORY."



NEW YORK:  
HURD AND HOUGHTON.  
The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

1876.

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## DEDICATION.

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THINKING of no one likely to prize the dedication of this book, as dear Mr. Dean would, when here, I would like to set it up in the world forever, as a little white-stoned-monument to his memory.

MR. NICHOLAS DEAN, of New York, in whose great sympathizing heart so many of the Lord's "Little Ones," astray in the world, found refuge; and learned how precious a thing it is to be cared for, and smiled upon, and loved.

N. B.— All communications for Mrs. HELEN ALDRICH DE KROYFT, the author, may be addressed to the care of HURD AND HOUGHTON, Publishers, No. 13 Astor Place, New York.

## INTRODUCTION.



I HAD purposed adding no preface to this book; but lest any of my readers should imagine it a fiction, I here assure them that “Little Jakey” really lived; and to all who knew him, and especially to the persons named in this narrative, I should apologize for not having embodied his strange life more perfectly, and traced his little foot-prints across the sands of time more clearly, which I first thought to do by putting my own words into his lips; but then seeing that without the peculiarities of his language it would be utterly impossible to give any correct

impression of "Little Jakey" himself. I abandoned all idea of ever writing his story at all.

So the matter stood until Christmas came, and I went to pass the holidays with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, of Brooklyn; when, there being no school, and much of the time too stormy for the children to play out, my talent for story-telling was often called into requisition. Indeed, before my wraps were hardly laid aside, Master Alfred and Miss Mary had informed me in their most coaxing way, that they had not forgotten yet the last story I told them about the old Indian king Powhatan, when he saw the *shallops*, or ships of the white man come sailing over the sea.

Holiday weeks are always short, but



this one was especially so, and almost before I knew it there was only one day more left before the dawning of the New Year.

It was Saturday evening ; dear Mr. Barnes had come home from his publishing house in New York all benign and beautiful, as he always comes everywhere ; his very presence seeming to bring a sort of balm to the air, while his smile breaks like a benediction upon all around. There was, beside, something in the very manner of his greeting that evening, as he stooped to kiss his little ones, and new mantle them in his love ; something in his voice, even, that seemed to say, "God be praised that this one year more leaves me no losses to mourn, but all to give thanks for !"

When dinner was over, and we were all leaving the dining-room, Mrs. Barnes, in her sweet way, plead engagements for a little time. Mr. Barnes also begged to be excused, as he had a little writing yet to do in the library. Miss Emily, too, had just a few things more to look after, preparatory to the Sabbath, and the New Year day that was to follow; so the children and I were left quite alone; when, having the full range of the double parlors, sitting-room, and hall, the ottomans were soon converted into miniature carriages, upon which the two little brothers went wheeling up and down, pausing ever and anon to compliment their sister, Miss Mary, with rather noisy New Year calls.

Meantime, sitting by the grate, I

was thinking how long the holiday week must have been to those whom I had left up at the "Institution for the Blind," with neither pleasure or pursuit to shorten the days with, which naturally reminded me of "Little Jakey," and I exclaimed:—

"Oh, come here, my little ones. I have thought of a story to tell you now, and such a story! Why, if you should live a thousand years, not one of you will ever hear the like of it again. It is all about a dear, beautiful little blind boy, "Little Jakey," who was picked off the wreck of a great ship way down here on the Jersey coast. His mother was an Italian lady, his father was a German gentleman, both of whom painted beautiful pictures. "Little Jakey" could speak

German and Italian too, and when he had been in New York long enough to pick up English, his language was a sweet little warble of all three.

“ A lovely little French girl, too, comes into the story, whose name was *Me-me*, and two little brothers, Jeem and Fred.

“ So come and sit down here now, and I will tell you all about it, and in just the same droll little words, too, that ‘ Little Jakey ’ told it to me in, himself.”

Master Alfred had always one question to ask by which to judge as to the merits or demerits of a story. “ Is it a true one ? ” This time, though, feeling that there was not a moment to lose, the lines to his imaginary steeds were tossed quickly to the winds, and

he came, rolling up his ottoman carriage, close to one side of me, while Miss Mary cuddled up at the other.

Little Henry was as usual the first in his place, standing in front of me, and going up and down on his little heels, as much as to say, "Come, lift me up, lift me up; I am all eagerness to hear.

So, with Master Alfred seated at the right, Miss Mary at the left, and little Henry on my lap, the story of Little Jakey began; when it ended, though, the clock on the dining-room mantel was striking nine, and the nurse came to put my little audience to bed. "Oh, Katie!" exclaimed Master Alfred, you always break in just at the wrong time," and then his dear heart broke down utterly; while Miss Mary,

lingering to kiss me good-night, asked through her sobs, "Will 'Little Jakey ever be in a book?" which little Henry took it upon himself to reply to, and as the nurse led him away, answered back, "Yes, he will be in a book, 'Little Jakey' will, and have *pics-chures* in him too, *who*' lots!"

The next morning, breakfast over and family prayers ended, Mr. Barnes hurried away to the Mission Sunday-school, of which he was then superintendent. He met us though at church, and coming home gave me his arm. At first I talked along about the sermon, the eloquence of Dr. Storrs, and all that; until, observing that my friend's responses were rather absent, I grew more silent. At the dinner-table, though, when grace had been said, and

the carving was perhaps half through, Mr. Barnes, looking over at me, said, —

“ I have made an engagement for you, Mrs. De Kroyft, this afternoon.”

“ An engagement,” I replied. “ Why, I was not aware before, Mr. Barnes, that you visit on Sunday ? ”

“ Oh, no ! a very different kind of an engagement from that,” he said, laughing. “ I have promised our Mission Sunday-school children to bring you there this afternoon to tell them the story of “ Little Jakey.”

“ Little Jakey,” I exclaimed, in such unfeigned astonishment, that Mrs. Barnes quickly rejoined :

“ You see you had one more listener to your story to the children last evening than you were aware of.”

“ Yes,” said Mr. Barnes, “ *two*, a part

of the time; and all the tears over the touching finale were not shed there by the grate, either.”

Then Mr. Barnes explained that the library door being ajar, and hearing me announce to the children what a marvelous story I was about to tell them, and in such a strange little warble of a language, too, it was impossible not to rise and come forward, just to hear the beginning; but from the beginning to the end had found no place to stop, no place, but he must stay to hear just a little more, and so had lingered there listening to the story through.

“But I am surprised, brother,” interposed Miss Emily, pleadingly, “that you should have made such an engagement for Mrs. De Kroyft without first consulting her.”



“No more surprised than I am myself,” was the answer. “But, you see, there in the Sunday-school, trying to devise the best means possible to get all those little street fellows back again in the afternoon, “Little Jakey’s” wonderful history and the charming way in which it was told, all flashed upon me; and so, upon the spur of the moment, I announced to the school that I would bring a lady there this afternoon who has lost her sight, and have her tell them the story of a wonderful little blind boy, who was picked off the wreck of a great ship sailing to this country; never suspecting you see, for a moment, that she could have the slightest objection to filling her part of the programme, until on the way home; then I began to realize that possibly

she might see a little difference between telling a story to three children and to as many hundreds."

"Oh!" I said, "it is not the children I object to at all, but your teachers there, as you told me the other evening, are among the leading business men of Brooklyn and New York — bankers, lawyers, merchants, and all."

"Did I tell you that? so I did," he said, in a way that made it impossible to suppress a laugh. But never heeding, he went on to say. "The hardest lesson we have to teach those children who come up out of the low ways of the city, is the necessity of telling the truth, and now if I do not keep my promise to them this afternoon, it will take months to undo the bad effects of

this one disappointment. No matter how well excused or apologized for, they put it down for nothing but a ruse to get them all in; more than half of them really believing, I sometimes think, that it is far more for our pleasure than to do them any good that we come there at all."

This was an argument before which all my objections vanished, and before leaving the table it was arranged that Mr. Barnes should go by himself, Mrs. Barnes accompany me, and we enter quietly while the exercises were going on. Some good angel must have swept my thoughts with his white wing; for no sooner there, and presented to the audience, than instantly all fear and embarrassment left me; and I went through the story of over an hour, in

such a way as not only to hold the motley crowd of restless spirits around me perfectly still, but left at the close, they said scarcely a dry eye in the assembly. Whole rows of little, ragged, hardened fellows, cried audibly ; while the stern, gray-headed business men, who sat among them, found their eyes too had taken suddenly to the trick of tears over " Little Jakey's " pathetic " How vill it be, how vill it be ? "

Among the throngs of gentlemen who came to pay their New Year compliments to Mrs. Barnes and her sister the next day, were many of those who were at the Sunday-school the afternoon before, and many and hearty were the congratulations they had to offer upon the success of " Little Jakey's first appearance," as they called

it, every one insisting upon having the story written right away, and published for the benefit of the Sunday-school; Mr. Holt and Mr. Woodruff even offering money to that effect. But I could only say to them all that, as far as I could see, one might as well try to capture the song of a bird and chain it to paper, as ever to reduce the language of "Little Jakey" to anything like a consistent spelling. So it seemed to me then, and so it would doubtless have seemed to me always, but for the following circumstance.

When long years had passed, and I had wandered over nearly every civilized portion of this continent, one afternoon my companion and I crossed the Mississippi at Galena and left by rail for Chicago. It was snowing a

little then, but before we were hardly twenty miles out, the great white flakes had fallen so thick and fast, that the cars could scarcely do more than creep along.

At length, becoming alarmed at the prospect of having to pass the night on the prairie, walled in by the drifts, with the winds for guards, and the frosts for keys, I begged the conductor to let us off at the first station where there was anything like a hotel.

“That will be at Pecatonica, then,” he said, “which we are just approaching.”

So we gathered up our portables, and were soon lifted down into the deep snow that covered the vast prairie around us, with only here and there the sign of a dwelling.

The master of the shanty where the depot was some day to be, led the way and did his best to beat a path for us up to the steps of the little frame building mounted on piles and made to do service as a hotel. The sitting-room though was snug and warm, and the bedroom opening off from it they gave to us, which added to the aroma of coffee and the scent of wild fowl broiling in the kitchen, we seemed likely to be made very comfortable for the night.

Early in the evening, however, a high wind arose and came sweeping over the plains, whirling and turning and sometimes seeming to lift the little house itself into mid-air, and suddenly chucking it down again upon its four cornered foundation, like a ship

grounded at sea, nor was the illusion lessened when toward midnight the door opened, and suddenly a tide of human life came pouring in pell-mell; children crying, the young shivering, and the old actually groaning with the cold.

The train we had left unable to proceed had crept back, and as many as were able had wallowed through the snow to the little refuge we had sought. So all night long with its burden of human freight, the little house rocked, and swayed, and creaked, threatening every moment, as it seemed, to loose its fastenings and to go rolling over the prairie at the sport of the howling winds.

There is always something in conscious danger, or in the fear of death,



that reminds one strangely of the past ; and as I lay there, unable to sleep, scene after scene of my own life came sweeping before me, until suddenly I found myself listening again to the story of " Little Jakey ; " his description of the storm at sea, the roar of the waves, the falling of the masts, and the final crash upon the rocks. Indeed, I could almost have declared that amid the voices of the winds I heard his lisping accents, soft and low, as if he had really come back to pour into my ear again the story of his strange little life ; until, dark as the place was, and dark as my eyes were, I almost feared to open them, lest I should see the angel mother too, with her baby in her arms and sweet Me-me at her side, so verily they seemed to have all come

gathering around about me. Strange to say, too, amid that weird night scene I saw for the first time, how easy it would be to write the story of "Little Jakey" by merely spelling all his quaint words exactly as he pronounced them, and wondered that I had never thought of it before.

So when the morning came, the winds had grown still and all the people had left; returning from breakfast and finding the little sitting-room all tidied up and warm, "O!" I exclaimed to Minnie, "if we only had some paper now, how delightful it would be to sit down here, and write the story of 'Little Jakey.'"

Just then the door opened, and the boy entered to replenish the fire.

"Have you a store here?" I inquired.

“Yes, two of them,” he said, ‘over on the knoll yonder, beside the grocery, and the drug shop.’”

“But how deep is the snow this morning?”

“O! around on the west side of the house there it is fully up to the eaves; but around in front here it is about on a level with the windows. That is, where the drifts are. It is deep enough though, everywhere, and snowing all the time.”

“But would a half dollar take you through the drifts, think you, to the best store, and bring me back a roll of paper?”

“Yes, indeed,” he said, “half of that.”

Minnie gave him the money, and buttoning up his overcoat he went out

as it seemed something as the dove went out of the ark ; and returned in due time, bearing in his beak, not *one leaf* but many.

“Now, one favor more,” I said, “have you such a thing as a slate and pencil in the house ?”

“Not a slate and pencil exactly, but a slate and chalk ; would that do ?” he asked, drawing a piece of the latter from his pocket ; and hardly waiting for an answer ran away for the slate.

Meantime, Minnie had brought forth her little portable desk, and there by the stove as fast as I wrote she copied, until on the evening of the fourth day the story of “Little Jakey” was completed.

Meantime, every night about the same hour, the train we had left, un-

able to proceed, crept slowly back, and the same people had come and slept there on the sitting-room floor. The fifth night, however, they did not return, and waiting one day more for the way to be thoroughly clear, we too gathered up our effects and bade adieu to the little snow-bound hotel of Peca-tonica forever.

But although written, there never seemed to come a time when I could pause in the work I was doing, and give "Little Jakey" to a publisher; and he has since traveled along with me in my trunk over many many lands. This time, however, on my return to New York I hastened to leave the manuscript with Messrs. Hurd and Houghton, for their perusal, expecting to wait at least three or four weeks for

the pleasure of their decision. Only four days and a half though have elapsed, and lo! I have their answer back saying, —

“ We will publish ‘ Little Jakey ’ for you and are ready to commence it at once.”

So, after so many long years have rolled away, since the story of “ Little Jakey ” was first told there by the grate, to those children three, I am sending “ Little Jakey ” himself forth to the world, well assured that everywhere, among the beautiful and the good, the child-saint will be welcomed, even as one of those for whose coming and whose going the gates to heaven stand always *ajar*.

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# LITTLE J A K E Y.



## CHAPTER I.

### I VISH I HAVE VINGS.



**T** the time of the opening of this story, there were, in the rear of the New York Institution for the Blind, two small but pleasant parks, full of trees and winding walks, where the birds sang, and blind boys and girls ran and played. The little gate between the two parks was usually left open during school hours, and one bright June morning, while the sun was drinking up the dews from

the leaves and the flowers, I chanced to be walking there, and I heard the little gate opening and shutting, opening and shutting; rattle went the chain, then bang went the gate, until suddenly, as I was passing it, a little voice saluted me, so sweet and musical and up so high, that for the moment I almost fancied one of the birds had stopped his song to speak with me.

“I know you. I knows ven you come. Sometimes you tell stories to ze girls, and I hear you ven I bees dis side.”

Going up and putting my hand on the little speaker's head, I said, —

“Pray, what little girl is this here, with these long pretty curls, swinging on the gate?”

“I bees not a girl, — I bees a boy, I be.”

Then passing my hand down over a little coat covered with buttons, I said to him, —

“Surely, so you are a little boy; but what is your name?”

“My name bees Little Jakey; dot is my name.”

“Little Jakey! Indeed! and pray, when did you come here?”

Quick as thought his little foot struck out against the post again, and the gate went flying to and fro, as before; then coming to a sudden halt he said, —

“Vell, I tink I tell you. I bees here von Sunday and von Sunday and von Sunday; so long I bees here.”

“Why! what a precious child you are. How old are you, Jakey?”

“I bees seving; dot is my old, — dot is how old I bees.”

“And can you not see?”

“No, I not see. Ven Gott make my eyes, my moder say He not put ze light in zem.”

“You treasure!” I said; “and are you going to school here, Jakey, and learning to read?”

“Yes, some ze time I go in ze school, and I read ze letters mit my fing-er. Von letter vot live on ze top ze line, I know him, ven I put my fing-er on him; hees name bees A; and von oder letter, I know him, ven I put my fing-er on him,—round like ze hoop; hees name bees O.”

“Who teaches you the letters, Little Jakey?”

“Cassie, ce teach me, but all ze time ce laugh, ven I say ze vords; so Miss Setland sen her away, and now Libbie, ce teach me. But not much I go in

ze school. I come down here mit ze birds in ze trees. Up to ze house ze birds not go. Eddy and Villy, and all ze boys, ven zey play, make big noise, and zey scare ze birds. But down here zey not scare, and all ze time zey sing."

"You love the birds, Jakey?"

"Yes, I love ze birds. I love von bird up in dot tree. You not see him vay high dare? (pointing with his tiny finger). Ven I have eat my dinner in ze morning, I come down here, and ven I have eat my dinner in ze noon, I come down here; and all ze time, ven I come, he sing. Sometimes some oder birds come in ze tree, and zey sing mit him; but all ze time he sing. I vish I sing like ze birds. I vish I have vings, and I go vay high in ze sky, vare ze stars be. Gott make

ze stars, and Georgy say dot zey shine vay down in ze vater, he see zem dare; and von time I tell him dot he vill get me von mit hees hook vot he catch ze fishes mit; but he laugh and say dot he cannot. But I tink I see ze stars ven I come im Himmel mit" —

"Im Himmel! Where is that, Jaky? Where is Himmel?"

"Vy! you not know dot? Himmel bees vare Gott live."

This was too much. I could not keep my hands from the sweet being any longer. I caught him down from the gate in my arms, and nearly smothered him with kisses. Then I stood his little feet down upon the ground, and knelt down before him, and kissed him over again and again.

"You precious little angel," I said,

“sighing here for wings, and longing for heaven !”

Then he put his hands up and felt my face over, so softly and tenderly, that I fancied his little creeping fingers reading there every thought in my heart ; and finally, clasping his loving arms around my neck, he said, in a voice hardly above a whisper, —

“ I love you, — you love me ? ”

“ I do indeed love you, you dear lamb,” I said ; but I could hardly speak, my voice was so choked with tears. Perceiving this, he rested his little hand softly on my cheek again, and whispered timidly, —

“ Vy for you cry ? ”

But hearing some one approaching, and fearing to be disturbed, I took his little hand in mine and led him away, across the park, to a seat under the

big Mulberry, where I held him long and lovingly on my lap, as I did often afterwards, while coaxing from his sweet lips the following chapters of his strange little life.



## CHAPTER II.

## FON GERMANY.



ITTTLE Jakey was indeed *little* Jakey. I have often seen boys three years old both taller and heavier; but never one more perfect in form and feature. His little feet and hands might have belonged to a fairy. His black eyes were bright and full, with long lashes and arched brows. His long curls were blacker than the raven, and while holding him there in my arms, I could think of nothing but a beautiful cherub with folded wings, astray from heaven; and

I almost feared to touch him, or speak to him, lest he should spread his wings and fly away. But after smoothing down his curls awhile, and kissing him many times, I said to him, —

“Dear Jakey, pray where did you come from, and who brought you here?”

Then dropping both his little hands in mine, as if in token of his childish confidence, he said, —

“I come fon Germany. My moder, ce bring me. I come mit her, and mit ze baby.”

“And how long have you been here, Jakey, can you tell me?”

“Yes, I tink I tell you. Ven I come in ze America, ze flowers bees in ze garden, and ze birds bees in ze trees, and ze opples bees on ze trees, and ze pot-a-toes bees in ze ground. Zen ze

vinds blow and ze birds go away, and ze opples bees in ze cellar, and ze pot-a-toes bees in ze cellar. Zen ze vinds blow too hard and ze snow bees on ze ground, and it bees cold vinter. Zen long time ze snow go away, and ze leaves come on ze trees, and ze birds come back again, and it bees varm ; so long I bees in ze America."

"You darling!" I said; "and so you have been here one year?"

"Yes, von year I bees in ze America."

"But pray, dear, where is your father? Is he dead?"

"No, he bees not dead. He bees in Germany, mit Jeem and mit Fred and mit my granfader."

"But, Jakey, why did your mother come away here to America, and leave your father away there in Germany?"

At this question his little bosom heaved, as though I had reminded him of something painful, and I felt his little hands stir in mine, as if he would take them away; but after a moment he drew a little sigh and said, —

“Vell, I tink I tell you.”

## CHAPTER III.

## CE CRY AND CE CRY.



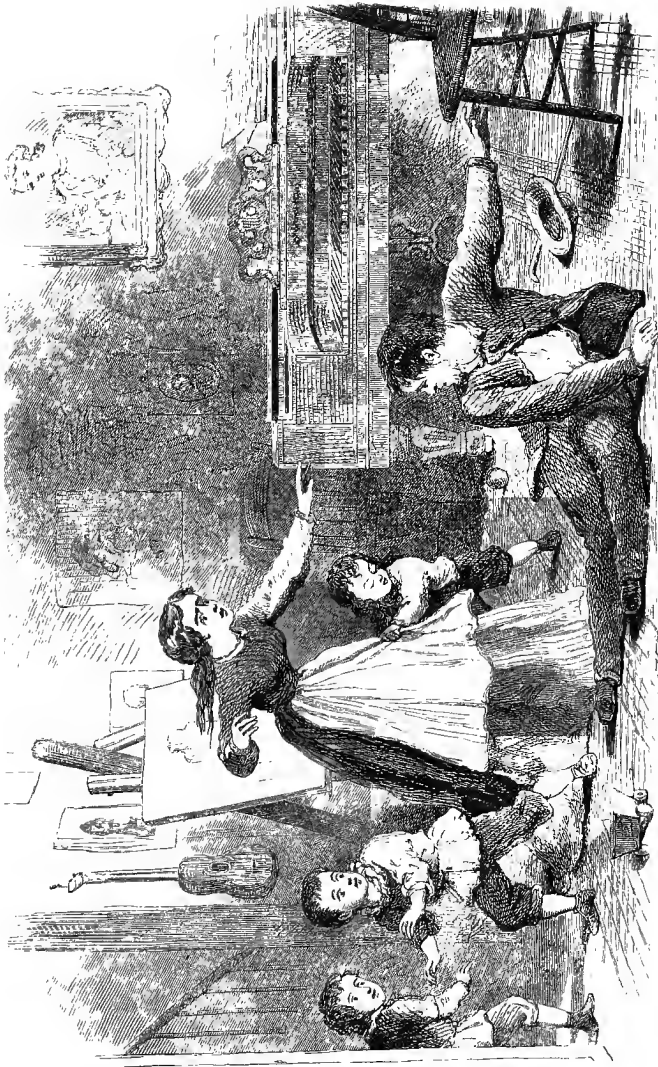
Y granfader have some lands, some big lands he have, and he sell zem; and may be he not buy it, but he get von big house in ze city, mit vindows vay down to ze ground, and in ze vindows he put—I not know vot you call zem, but zey have vine in zem, and beer in zem.”

“Bottles, Jakey?”

“Yes, dot bees it, bottles mit vine and mit beer in zem; and my fader go dare, and he give my granfader ze pen-nies, and he drink ze vine and he drink

ze beer. Much times and all ze time he go dare, and he do dot. And von day he come home, and he have drunk too much ze beer, and hees head go von vay and von vay; and he say vicked vords, and my moder ce cry. Jeem and Fred bees afraid, and zey hide; but I bees not afraid, I bees mit my moder. And ven my fader tink he sit down on ze chair, he go vay fall on ze floor; and ven Jeem and Fred hear him, zey run out, and ven zey see him dare on ze floor, zey laugh; and my fader say dot he vill kill zem, and he vill trow ze chair at zem, but too quick zey run away; and all ze time my moder ce cry and ce cry, and ce not eat ze dinner, and ce make my fader go lay on ze bed.

“ Von time my fader come home and he have drunk too much ze beer, and



"HE VILL TROW ZE CHAIR AT ZEM."





he have sold ze piano. And von time he come home and he have drunk too much ze beer, and he have sold ze harp; and ze man come mit him vot have buy it; and ven ze harp go away, my moder ce cry, and my fader strike her mit hees hand, and he strike Jeem and Fred; and me he vill strike, but my moder ce not let him.

“ Von oder time ze men come dare, and zey take away all ze tings vot my moder have, — ze chair, and ze sofa, and all ze tings. Zen my moder ce go live in von leetle house, and some ze time ce not have ze fire dare, and some ze time ce not have ze bread. And von time in ze night my fader come home, and he bring too much men mit him vot have drunk ze beer; and he tell my moder dot ce give ze men ze supper. And my moder say dot

ce have not ze supper, ce have not ze fire, and ce have not ze bread ; and ven ce tell ze men go away, zey say bad vords to my moder, and my fader he strike her dot ce go on ze floor. Zen mit her hair he drag her to ze door, and mit hees feets he strike her vay out on ze stone, and her head bleed. And Jeem he see her dare, and he cry, and Fred cry, and I cry ; and my moder ce groan like ce die. And von ze men vot come mit him strike my fader, and von oder man strike *him*, and zey say vicked vords, and zey all strike, and zey break ze tings. And vile zey do dot, my moder ce get up, and ce come away in ze dark, and Jeem and Fred come mit her, and I come mit her, and long vay ce sit down on ze stone by ze big house ; and Jeem bees cold dare, and he cry ; and

Fred bees cold, and he cry. I bees not cold, I not cry, my moder ce hold me tight ; but all ze time ce cry.

“ Zen long time ze man vot live in ze big house open ze door, and he say some vords to my moder, and my moder ce tell him dot my fader have got ze bad men mit him in ze house, and he tell my moder dot ce come in ; and Jeem and Fred zey go up ze step, and ze man he lif me, and my moder ce come up ze step ; and ven ce come in, ze man see ze blood, vare my fader have strike her, and he go tell ze lady dot ce come, and ze lady vash my moder’s head, and ce give her ze medicine vot ce drink. Zen ce lay her on ze bed, and I lay on ze bed mit her ; and Jeem and Fred zey go in von lee-tle bed to ze fire.”

## CHAPTER IV.

## ZE VATCH.



N ze morning my moder come home, and my fader sleep dare on ze floor, and vile he sleep, he make big noise mit hees nose; and Jeem and Fred laugh, cause my fader make big noise mit hees nose, but my moder ce cry.

“Long time Jeem bees hungry and he cry, Fred bees hungry and he cry, but my moder say ce have not ze meat and ce have not ze bread. Zen long time my fader vake, and ven he see my moder dare, he say dot he vill be

good, dot he vill not drink ze vine and ze beer any more; and he kiss my moder, and he say dot he love her, and dot he vill get ze fire, and he vill get ze bread, but he have not ze money. Zen my moder say dot ce vill give him ze vatch vot ce have, ven ce vas mit her moder in Italy, to get ze money mit, but ce tink ven he get ze money he vill drink ze beer. My fader say No! vile he live and vile he die, he not drink any more ze beer; and he kiss Jeem and he kiss Fred and he kiss me, and he tell my moder dot ven he sell ze vatch, he vill bring ze money, and he vill get ze fire, and he vill get ze meat and ze bread. Zen my moder ce get him ze vatch, and he go away.

“Long time he not come. Zen long time in ze night he come, and he bring ze bread mit him, but he have drunk

ze beer. My moder tell him dot he have, and he say dot he have not ; but all ze time hees head go von vay and von vay, and some ze vords he speak, and some ze vords he not speak. My moder ce tell him, Vare ze money vot he get mit ze vatch ? and he say dot he have not ze money, dot he not sell ze vatch. Zen my moder say, Vare ze vatch den ? and he say dot he have loss it, dot vile he sell it, von man get it ! But my moder say No, he have got ze money and he have drunk ze beer mit ze bad men, ce know he have. Zen my fader strike her von time and von time ; and ven ce go on ze floor, he strike her dare mit hees feets, and ce not move, like ce be dead, and he say he vill kill her, he vill, he vill ! And Jeem scream and Fred scream, and my fader get ze big knife vot he cut

ze bread mit, and he lif it vay high, and say loud much times dot he vill kill zem all! But ze men vot vatch in ze night come in, and ven zey see my fader dare mit ze knife, zey put ze chain on hees feets and on hees hands, and zey go away mit him. And quick von man come back mit ze doctor, and ven, mit hees leetle knife, he have make my moder's arm bleed, ce speak, and ce say, Vare my fader be? and ze man tell her dot zey have lock him up, and he vill be hang mit ze rope; and my moder ce cry, and long time ce bees sick in ze bed."

## CHAPTER V.

## ZE VORD.



“ID your mother come from Italy, Jakey?”

“Yes; ven my fader have not drunk ze beer, he make ze peoples mit ze brush; and he go in Italy, and ven he have make my moder dare mit ze brush, ce love him, and ce run away mit him ven her moder not know it. And ven ce come in Germany, von oder time he make her mit ze brush, and ce hang on ze vall; and Jeem he make, and Fred he make mit ze brush, and zey hang on ze vall. Much ze



peoples he make mit ze brush, and zey give him ze money. Me he not make, but my moder ce make me mit ze leetle brush; but ven I bees made, I not hang on ze vall, I bees sut like ze book. And ce make Jeem dot vay, and Fred dot vay, and ce keep zem. Von time my fader go to ze drawer, and he get zem all, and he go away and he sell zem, and he get ze money; and ven my moder know it, ce come vare ze man be vot have buy zem, and I come mit her, and ce give him ze ring fon her fing-er, and ce get me back and ce hide me.

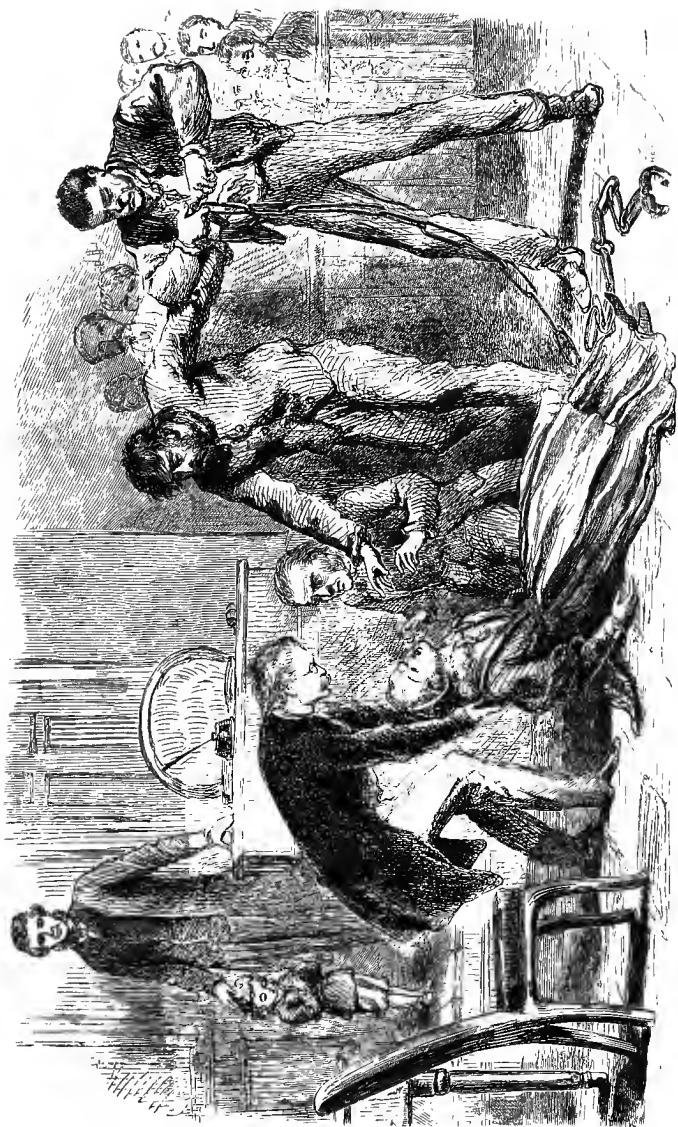
“ Von time my fader have sell my moder vot hang on ze vall, and ze man come dare, and my fader have take her down, and Jeem cry and Fred cry; and Fred say let hees go, and Jeem say let hees go, but my moder say no, and ze man go away mit her.”

“ But, dear Jakey, how long did they keep your father locked up there with the chains on him ? ”

“ O ! big long time ; and von time my granfader come dare, and my moder bees sick in ze bed ; ce not get vell vare my fader have strike her ; and my granfader tell her dot ze man vot sit vay high in ze seat have said *ze vord*, dot my fader go vay off, and be lock up mit ze dark and mit ze chains on him, vile he live and vile he die. Zen my moder say ce vill go vare he bè. My granfader lif her, and ce get up, and I come mit zem. And ven my moder come dare, ce go to ze man vot have said *ze vord*, and ce tell him dot he vill let my fader go, he vill, *he vill !* And ce say dot ce vill die, if he not let my fader go, and ce cry ; and ce tell ze man vot sit vay high in ze chair,

dot he vill let him go? but ze man say No, he have said *ze vord*. Zen my moder go down vare my fader be mit ze chains on him, and ven ce come dare, ce scream, and ee fall on ze ground, like ce be dead. Zen my granfader say dot I go tell ze man dot he vill let my fader go, and ven my granfader bring me, and I come dare, I tink I say dot; but I tell him dot he vill not kill my moder, and I cry, *too loud* I cry. Zen ze man go *vay high* on hees feets mit hees hand on my head, and he say some vords to ze men vot bees dare, and he say some vords to my granfader. Zen he go roun on his feets and he say some vords to my fader. He tell him, dot he vill be good? dot he vill not drink ze beer? dot he vill vork? dot he vill make ze peoples mit ze brush? dot he vill love

my moder, and get ze bread and ze fire and ze meat? and my fader say he vill, he vill! Zen ze man vot have said *ze vord* tell my fader dot he may go; and quick von oder man take ze chains fon hees feets and fon hees hands, and he bees too glad; and he lif up my moder, and he sake her dot ce speak, and he love her, and he come avay mit her. And my granfader bring me; I come mit him in hees arms, and vile my granfader valk, he cry."



"ZEY TAKE ZE CHAINS FOM HEES FEETS AND FOM HEES HANDS."



## CHAPTER VI.

## MIT ZE BRUSH.



EN it bees night, ze big man vot sit vay high in ze chair and vot have said *ze vord*, come to ze house, and he see my moder dare in ze bed; and he talk mit her; and he talk mit my fader, and he say some vords mit Jeem and mit Fred, and he hold me on hees lap.

“Long time he stay dare, and ven he go vay, he tell my fader, if he vill make him mit ze brush? and my fader say dot he vill. Zen much times he come dare, and ven my fader have

make him big all aroun, fon hees feets to hees head, mit ze chair vot he sit in vay high, ven he say *ze vord*, he give my fader much ze money, much money he give; and my fader get ze fire mit it, and ze bread and ze meat; and he love my moder, and he love Jeem, and he love Fred, and me he love.

Zen my moder sing, but ce have not ze harp, and ce have not ze piano; and my fader sing mit her; and much ze peoples he make mit ze brush; and my moder ce help him, all ze time ce help him, and Jeem and Fred zey help; zey grind ze tings vot he make ze peoples mit. Von time I help; ven Fred bees gone, I vash ze brushes, and my moder say dot I have make zem clean so better as Fred. And all ze time I rock ze baby in ze leetle bed, and I



sing ze song vot my moder make ze baby sleep mit.”

Here little Jakey stopped again, and began to turn the ring on my finger, and pass his little hands over mine, as if too much absorbed in the happy picture before him ever to take his thoughts away from it.

Alas! Little Jakey, think on, dream on! It were wrong to disturb thee, while, far away in thy native land, thou art rocking again thy baby sister, and listening again to the voice of thy loving mother, — thy father once more at his easel, dear Jeem grinding the paints, and noble Fred cleaning the brushes. Happy picture, happy dream!

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE OLD FRENCHMAN'S.



T length, thinking that my little narrator must be weary, “Come, Little Jakey,” I said, “let us go up to the house and see what we can find there.”

Then standing his little feet down upon the ground, and taking his tiny hand in mine, I said to him, as we walked along, —

“Do you like strawberries, Jakey?”

“Yes,” he said, “I like ze strawberries. Von time Miss Vild have give me some in ze cup, and von time Miss

Chamberling have give me some. Cassie say dot John, ze cook, have much ze strawberries in ze kitchen, but he not give zem."

Across the way from the Institution a kind old Frenchman kept a little ice-cream saloon, where the pupils were in the habit of spending their spare pennies for sweet things. So leading little Jakey through the lower hall, and down the front yard to the gate, we crossed over to the old Frenchman's, and in the back part of his shop we sat down by the little table, and ordered for ourselves some cakes, and each of us a saucer of berries and cream; far more, I fancy, to my pleasure than to Little Jakey's, for to do the least thing for him seemed like doing so much for something that belonged to heaven, he was so angelic,

so innocent, and so knowing. He was unlike a child. His very presence inspired one with a consciousness of something superior, and when his sweet lips were silent, I instinctively feared to question him again, lest he should think me rude. However, when we had finished our cakes and berries, and the old Frenchman had brought us each a glass of water, fresh from the Croton, and jingling with a lump of ice, we paid him, and returned to the park again.

Passing the little gate, where I first found Little Jakey, I said to him, —

“Will you stop here, my dear, and swing on the gate again, or will you come with me?”

“I tink I come mit you to ze big Mulberry,” he replied. “You go dare?”

“Yes, you sweet treasure,” I answered, stooping down to kiss him, “and when we come there, Jakey, will you tell me more about your home away in Germany?”

“Yes, I tell you more,” he said, at the same time dropping his curly head and shutting his little hand closer in mine, as if wondering where he should begin, and what he should tell me first.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## DO NOT SPEAK.



COMING under the same old tree where we sat before, I lifted Little Jakey again upon my lap, and pushing back his curls, I said to him, —

“ Did your father stay always good, Jakey, and did he never drink the beer any more ? ”

“ O ! no,” he answered, with an earnestness that chilled my very heart, and made me feel that he had not yet told me half the sorrow shut up in his little bosom ; and while, with tears in

my eyes, I tried to encourage him to go on, I felt almost guilty, and was about deciding to probe his little heart no more, when of his own accord he resumed.

“ Von time my fader say dot he vill go to ze man mit ze pic-sure vot he have make, and he vill get ze money ; and my moder say dot ce vill go mit him ; but my fader say No, he vill go mit hees-self, and ven he have got ze money, he vill come home to ze supper. But long time he not come. Jeem he go in ze bed, and Fred he go in ze bed, and I go in ze leetle bed, and my moder ce have ze baby mit her to ze fire.

“ Zen long time my fader come to ze door, and vile he come, he say loud ze vicked vords, and my moder know dot he have drunk ze beer. Quick ce go

to ze vindow, and ven ce see him, ce cry and ce bees afraid, and ce not open ze door. Zen my fader tink he have not fine ze door, and he go vay roun ze house, and tink he have fine ze door dare; and he strike, and he pound, and all ze time he say loud ze vicked vords. Zen he come back to ze door, and he strike it mit hees feets much times, and ven ze door come open and he see my moder dare, he strike her dot ce fall on ze floor mit ze baby. Ze baby cry, but my moder ce not speak, and ce not cry. Zen my fader strike her much times mit hees feets, dot ce not open ze door, and he go vay to get ze big knife, and he say dot he vill kill her. Long time he not fine it; zen vile he come back he not see, and he fall on ze floor, and some ze vay he get up and some ze vay he not get up,







"QUICK JEEM COME DARE AND HE LIF HER UP."

and all ze time he say dot he vill kill, he vill, he vill! But all ze time he not kill, he have not ze knife; and he have drunk too much ze beer, dot he not get up. Zen long time hees head go down on ze floor, and he sleep, and he make big noise mit hees nose.

“Zen I come out ze leetle bed, and I go on ze floor, and ven I come vare my moder be, I sake her and I sake her, but ce not speak. Zen I come to ze bed vare Jeem be, and I sake him, and I tell him dot my fader have kill my moder. Quick Jeem come dare, and he lif her up; and Fred come out ze bed, and he get ze baby; and Jeem put ze vater on my moder, and he sake her much times, and ce vake, and ce sit up in ze chair mit ze baby. And ce tell Jeem dot he get ze blanket fon ze bed and he put it on my fader, and

he lif hees head, and he put under ze pillow.

“Jeem and Fred zey go in ze bed, and I go in ze leetle bed, but all ze time my moder ce sit up dare in ze chair, mit ze baby, to ze fire, and ce cry and ce cry.”

## CHAPTER IX.

## MIT VINGS.



N ze morning my moder tell my fader dot ee vill go back to Italy, mit her moder; and my fader say dot ee may, but ee not go.

“Ze peoples come, but my fader bees not dare, and he not make zem any more mit ze brush, but some my moder make.

“All ze time my fader go vay, and he drink ze beer mit ze bad men; and ze fire he not get, and he not get ze bread, and too much he strike.

“Von time my moder tell my fader

dot ce vill come in ze America, and ce vill make ze peoples dare mit ze brush, and ce vill get ze money, and ce vill live; and my fader say dot ce may. Zen my moder say dot ce vill take ze boys mit her; and my fader say No, he keep ze boys mit him. My moder say No, ce take ze boys mit her; and my fader say No, he keep ze boys mit him. Zen my moder say ce vill take ze baby and her little blind boy mit her, and ce vill come in ze America; and my fader say dot ce may.

“ Zen my moder sell ze ring fon her fing-er, and some ze money ce get, and some ze money my granfader give her. Zen ce make me mit ze brush. I sit up in ze chair, and ce look at me, and ce make me all roun mit ze flowers. Ce make my curls go roun her fing-er, and zen ce make zem mit ze brush in ze pic-sure, and ce make me mit vings;

and ce make in my hand vot ze boys shoot mit, — not ze gun vot make ze big noise and vot kill, but ze bow mit ze tring, I not know vot you call it.”

“The bow and arrow, Jakey.”

“Yes, dot bees it, ze bow and ze arrow; and von time Jeem have shoot Fred mit it in hees back and he cry, and he come and he tell my moder dot Jeem have kill him.

“Ven I bees done, ven my moder have make me, von lady ce come dare and ce tell my moder, Vot ce make? and my moder tell her dot ce make me mit ze brush, and ce vill sell me, and ce vill get ze money, and ce vill come in ze America. Zen von oder day ze lady come dare, and ce give my moder much ze money, and ce take ze pic-sure away mit her; and ven ce have go mit it, my moder ce cry and ce cry.”

## CHAPTER X.

## ZE SHIP.



ON day my granfader come dare mit ze carriage, and Jeem he go in ze carriage, and Fred he go in, and my moder ce come in mit ze baby. My granfader bring me, and he come in, and ze carriage come vay down to ze — I not know vot you call it, but it bees von big house on ze vater.”

“ A ship, Jakey.”

“ Yes, ze ship, mit ze trees vay high, and on ze trees, Fred say, long tings go vay out like ze sheet ; and ze vinds



blow in zem, and ze ship ce go and ce go. My moder ce come in ze ship mit ze baby in von arm, and my granfader bring me, and Jeem and Fred bees dare; and my granfader say zey vill go, dot ze ship not come away mit zem. Zen my moder ce kiss Jeem and ce kiss Fred, von time and von time, and ce cry and ce cry; and ce tell zem dot zey vill be good, and ven ce get ze money, ce vill send it, and zey vill come in ze America mit her. Jeem say dot ven he bees a man, he vill come in ze America; and Fred say dot he vill come in ze America ven he bees not a man — ven he get ze money he come, and he vill get it.

“ My moder ce kiss zem much times, and ce cry too hard dot ce leave zem. And ce tell my granfader dot he vill not give my fader ze beer? and my

granfader say, No, he not give him, but he vill get it; and my granfader cry ven he say dot. And my moder tell him dot ven my fader have not ze money, he vill keep him in ze house mit him? and my granfader say dot he vill, and he vill kcep Jeem and he vill keep Fred mit him, and he vill make zem go in ze school. Zen my moder tank my granfader much times, and ce kiss him, and ce kiss Jeem, and ce kiss Fred; and zey kiss me, and zey kiss ze baby, and zey kiss my moder; and zey cry and zey go away, and my moder ce scream and ce cry. Zen my granfader leave Jeem and Fred, and he come back, and he tell my moder dot ce not cry; much vords he tell her. Zen he go away, and ze vinds blow, and ze ship ce go and ce go.

“ Long time ze ship go, much days



"AND ZEY AND ZEY GO AWAY"



and much nights. And von time ze vinds blow too hard, and ze ship go von vay and von vay, and ze vaters come vay high, and ze vinds make big noise, and it tunder, like ze sky break ; and von ze trees have come crash down on ze ship, and all ze peoples cry, Gott im Himmel! Gott im Himmel! and all ze time zey cry, and zey tink dot zey go vay down in ze deep. My moder ce be kneeled down, mit ze baby in von arm and mit me in von arm, and ce not cry, but all ze time ce pray and ce pray ; and vile ce pray, ze ship come crash on ze rock, and much ze peoples go vay down in ze vater, and too much zey cry, too loud. Zen my moder have tie ze baby mit her shawl, and me ce hold mit von arm, and mit von arm ce hold on ze ship. Von time ze vater, ven it come vay

high, take me away, and my moder have loss me, and too loud ce scream, and von man dare he get me fon ze vater mit my hair, and long time he hold me mit his arm.

“ Ven it bees morning, and ze vater not come vay high, and ze vinds not blow, von oder ship come dare vot have not ze sail, but ce have von big fire, and all ze time ce go, *burrh!* *burrh!* and all ze peoples vot have not go vay down mit ze fishes come in dot ship, and zey get ze bread dare, and zey get ze meat dare, and much tings zey get dare.

“ Long time zey go in dot ship, and ven zey see ze America, zey come in von oder leetle ship vot have no tree, vot have no sail, and vot have no fire, but ze men have ze long sticks, and zey go *so*, and zey go *so!*” (imitating men rowing, with his little hands).

“How did you know that, Jakey; you could not see them?”

“No, I not see zem, but my moder ce tell me; and ven ze leetle boat have come close up in ze America, mit ze baby in von arm and mit me in von arm, my moder come out ze leetle boat, and ven ce have valk some ze vay, ce go down on ze ground and ce pray and ce cry. Not ce feel bad dot ce come in ze America, but ce bees too glad dot ce have not go vay down in ze deep mit ze fishes, and ze baby and me mit her dare, vare von big fish be, vot eat ze peoples.”

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE WEE SAINT.



ERE you not afraid, Jakey, and did you not cry, like the other people, when the ship went crash on the rocks ?”

“No, I not cry. My moder ce be dare, and ce hold me tight, and I tink Gott hear my moder vot ce pray.”

Here I waited some time for Little Jakey to resume his story, but seeing that he did not, I pressed a kiss on his sweet lips and said to him, —

“Come, you precious darling, let us



go up to the house ; it will be dinner time soon, and you must be tired talking to me so long.”

“ No, I not tire, and I not vant ze dinner.”

“ Why not, Jakey ; are you not hungry ? ”

“ Yes, some I bees hungry, but I not like ze dinner vot John get. I like ze dinner vot Miss Vild get, and I like ze dinner vot Miss Chamberling have. Von time ce bring me some in ze saucer ; much times ce bring ze pie and ze cake.”

“ Ah ! well then, let us go up and see ; perhaps Mrs. Chamberlain will bring you something nice to-day.”

“ Vell, I come mit you ; ” and springing down upon the ground, which his little feet seemed scarcely to touch, we were soon at the house, and meet

ing Eddy and Willie and many of the little boys in the hall, I left Jakey with them, and went my way.

But all that day I could not keep Little Jakey's mother from my thoughts. How I should like to know her, I said to myself; and then I wondered whether, like many others of her profession in New York, she was not suffering for want of employment; and the more I thought of it, the more anxious I grew, until, after tea, I went over through the Chapel into the Boy's Department, and inquired for Little Jakey.

“Lord bless ye!” ejaculated the good old child's nurse, “if it is that blessed boy that ye are saking, ye will be afther finding him in the dormitory there, by his little bed, saying his prayers sure, like the wee saint that

he is. Indade it is no more nor a day, since that he was afther asking me, the ignorant thing that I am, questions that nae ither body but a praist could answer."

"Pray, what did he ask you, Bridget?"

"Why, it is not myself that will be remembering the half of them; but every night, when he is afther coming from the bath, he does put his little hands on the two chakes of me, and go on at such a rate as touches the very heart of me. And sure, if the likes of me may be afther knowing God's own, the blessed child will not be lang stopping in this world."

"I am glad to hear, Bridget, that you love Little Jakey," I said, "and you must take good care of him."

"Indade an I will, and he does take

such a bit pride in his curls sure, the shweet thing, that it is the pleasure of me to be combing them and sthroking them doon, the while he is always afther telling me about his ‘moder,’ the blessed thing; and sure she must be an angel, like the child of her.”

Finding that Little Jakey had gone to his bed, I did not disturb him, but returned, promising myself, however, the pleasure of seeing him the first thing in the morning.

## CHAPTER XII.

## VOT DEAD MEAN.



MORNING came, and the dews were on all the flowers, and the birds were singing as before.

Imagining that Little Jakey was already in the park, I went down there and walked around and around, expecting every moment to come across him. But not finding him I returned to the gate and called, “Little Jakey! Little Jakey!” when much to my pleasure his sweet voice answered, —

“Vy, I bees here by ze big tree; you come here?”

The treasure! the sweet darling! I said to myself, as I hastened to him, and lifting him on my lap, and kissing him many times, I began, —

“ My dear, you went to bed very early last night.”

“ Ycs,” he answered, throwing his little arms around my neck; “ ven I have eat ze supper, ze birds not sing, and I not come in ze park; and ven Bridget have vash me, I go in ze bed.”

“ And what time do you get up in the morning? ”

“ O, ven John have ring ze bell, I come out ze bed, and some ze time I come in ze Chapel, and I make ze organ go mit my feet and mit my fing-er. Von time Jessie come dare, and ce say dot ven I bees bigger, ce vill teach me dot I play like Villy. Charly not play good, he not know ze

key vot he strike. Von time he make big noise on ze piano, and von big boy come dare and he sake him ! ”

I have mentioned before that Little Jakey was unlike a child. Beside his delicate reserve, his very presence inspired one with a feeling so akin to deference, that it was really difficult to question him farther than he seemed pleased to impart. And now, while holding him in my arms, and so impatient too to know more of his mother and his own little history, I could hardly persuade myself to broach the subject. At length though, pressing a kiss on his lips, I said to him coaxingly, —

“ Where did your mother go, Jakey, when she first came into this country ? where did she stop ? ”

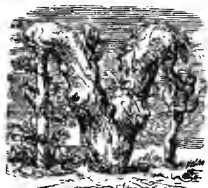
“ I not know ze place vare, ” he said,

“but ce go mit ze peoples in von big house, up ze steps vay high, and ce stay dare. And ven ze bells ring, and von Sunday have come, ze baby, ce be dead. I not know zen vot dead mean. I not know ce bees cold; and too quick I take my hand away, and I tell my moder dot ce bring ze baby to ze fire. My moder say, No, ze fire not varm her, ce bees dead, and ze man vill come and put her away in ze ground; and my moder ce cry and ce cry. And vile ce cry, ze man come mit ze box, and he pull ze baby fon my moder, and quick he put her in ze box; and ven he make ze nail drive, my moder cry like ce die.”



## CHAPTER XIII.

## IM HIMMEL.



Y moder ce stay dare in ze big house, and von day ce go to fine ze peoples vot ce vill make mit ze brush, and von oder day ce go to fine ze peoples, and von oder day ce go. Zen von day ce go to fine ze place vare ce vill live; and ven ce come back, ce say dot ce have fine it, and in ze morning ce vill go dare mit me. But in ze night, all ze time ce talk, and ce not know vare ce be. Some ze time ce tink ce bees in Germany mit my fader, and ce tink

he have drunk ze beer, and he vill kill her. Some ze time ce tink ce bees in Italy mit her moder, and ce have not run away mit my fader. And some ze time ce tink ce bees in ze ship, and ze vinds blow too hard, and ze tree come crash down. Zen all ze time ce say Vater, vater, vater! but ce have not ze vater, and ce bees hot, too hot. Ven ce touch me, I tink ce burn me, and ce go up in ze bed, and ce pull ze blanket and ze tings, and all ze time ce say Vater, vater, vater! And I cry dot I not fine ze vater. I scream, I fine ze door, but it not open. I call ze voman, but ce not come; all ze day ce not come, all ze night ce not come; and all ze time my moder ce burn, burn, and all ze time ce say Vater, vater, vater! I call her, but ce not know vot I say; ce not see me; ce

not know vare ce be; and ven I cry ce not hear me. All ze time ce talk and ce talk.

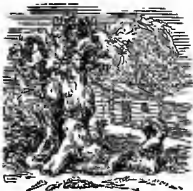
“Zen dot morning ze man come dare, and ven he see my moder, he go quick away; and von man come mit someting vot he give my moder, and vot ce drink, and ven ce have drink it, ce sleep. Long time ce sleep, and ven ce vake, ce know vare ce be, and ce know vot ce say. Zen ce put her hand on my head, and ce kiss me, — much times ce kiss me; and ce say dot ce die, and ce go im Himmel mit ze baby. Zen I cry; and ce tell me dot I not cry, dot Gott vill come von time, and He vill bring me im Himmel mit her and mit ze baby. He vill, ce know He vill.

“Zen ce not talk, and I tink ce be sleep; and I sake her and I sake her,

but ce not move. I put my fing-er on her eyes, but zey not open ; and I call her and I call her, but ce not hear ; and I kiss her and I kiss her, but ce not know it. I sake her, but ce not vake ; and ven I feel dot ce bees cold, I know dot ce bees dead, like ze baby, and I scream and I scream. I call ze voman, I call ze man, but zey not come, zey not hear. Zen long time ze voman ce come, and ven ce open ze door ce pull me avay quick fon my moder, and ce pull me up ze stair, von stair and von stair. Zen ce push me in ze room, and ce lock ze door, and ce take ze key avay mit her. Zen I push ze door and I scream, all ze time I scream. I say dot I vill go mit my moder, I vill, I vill ! ”

## CHAPTER XIV.

## MEME.



ONG time, vile I cry dare,  
 Meme come, and ce say  
 von vord in ze key hole.  
 I not know vot ce say,  
 but I say dot I vill go  
 mit my moder, but ce not hear me.  
 And ce say von oder time in ze key  
 hole, Little boy, cause vy you cry?  
 Zen I come dare, and I say in ze key  
 hole dot I shall go mit my moder, dot  
 ze voman have lock me up, and ce have  
 take ze key away mit her. Zen Meme  
 tell me dot I not cry, ce know vare ze  
 key be, and ce vill get it. Zen quick

ce run away, and ce come back mit ze key, and ce put ze key in ze key hole, and ce go vay high on her feets, and ce push and ce push, but ze dcor not open. Zen ce take ze key out, and Meme say von vord in ze key hole, and I say von vord in ze key hole. Zen ce put ze key in ze key hole von oder time, and ce go vay high on her feets, and ce push and ce push, and ze door come open; and ven Meme see me dare, ce say, Vy! little boy, you not see? No, I say, I not see. Zen ce say dot ce vill come mit me vare my moder be, and ce take hold my hand, and ven ce have come down von stair, and von step and von step, ze voman ce be dare; and ce tell Meme dot ce go back, dot ce vill vip her. Zen Meme ce come up ze stair, and ce pull von vay and I pull von vay, and I

say dot I go mit my moder, I vill, I vill! and I cry. Zen Meme ce tell me dot I not cry, and ce say low, dot ven ze voman have 'go away, ce vill come back mit me. Zen I not cry, and I go up ze steps mit Meme; and ven I not hear ze voman, and Meme not see her, ce come back mit me; von step and von step ce pull me, all ze steps quick down ce pull me, and ven ce come on ze floor, quick ce come to ze door vare my moder be, and ce make it go open; and ven ce see my moder dare, ce cry. But I not cry; I go to ze bed, vare ce be, and ven I feel her mit my hands, I tell Meme dot ce be not my moder, ce have not ze curls; and Meme say dot ze voman have cut zem; dot ce have cut ze curls fon her moder, ven ce vas dead, and ce have sell zem, and ce get ze money.

“Zen ze man come mit ze box, and he push Meme, dot ce go away; and Meme ce pull me, but I say dot I not come, dot I stay mit my moder. Zen ze man push me, and he sut ze door, and I scream, I scream! Zen Meme tell me dot I not cry, dot ze voman vill hear, and ce vill come and ce vill vip her. Zen I not cry too loud, and I come mit Meme up ze stair; and ven ce come to ze room, ce go away, and ce bring me von cake in von hand, and von opple in von hand; and ce kiss me, and ce tell me dot ce love me; and ce say dot her moder have die, and ze voman have got ze gold fon her moder, and ze vatch, and ze locket, mit ze chain, vot have her fader and her moder in it, and all ze tings. And Meme say dot her moder come to ze America dot ce fine her fader, but ce



have die ven ce not fine him ; and ven ce say dot, ce cry, and vile ce cry, ze voman come dare ; and ce pull Meme, and ce tell her go away. And ce lock ze door von oder time, and ce take ze key away mit her ; and ven I bees alone, I cry, I cry.”

## CHAPTER XV.

## ZE CURLS.



EN long time ze voman come back, and ce lif me on her lap; and ven ce make my curls come roun her fing-er, like my moder, I tink ce bees good; but zen I hear ze shear cut, and quick I put my hand, and vile ce cut ze curls, ce cut my fing-er dot it bleed, and von curl and von curl ce have cut. Zen much I scream, loud I scream. I call my moder, I call Meme. I say dot I not have my curls cut, my moder say I not. Zen ze voman ce sake me too





"VILE I SLEEP CE HAVE CUT ALL ZE CURIS."

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hard, and ce push me dot I fall, and ce go away; and ce lock ze door, and ce take ze key away mit her. All ze time I cry, and I hold my curls mit von hand and mit von hand; and ven I have cry too much, I sleep on ze floor, and I not know it; and long time, ven I vake, ze voman have come dare, and vile I sleep, ce have cut all ze curls. Some I cry, zen some I not cry; I tink vot my moder have say, dot Gott vill come, and He vill bring me im Himmel mit her and mit ze baby, and all ze time I tink, Vill He come? Vile I tink, Meme ce come, and ce take hold my hand, and ce tell me dot ce have see ze voman cut ze curls, and ce say dot I come away mit her; and ven I come in ze room mit Meme, ze voman ce be dare, and ce say some vords.

Meme know vot ce say, I not know ;  
but I stay dare mit Meme, and I sleep  
in ze leetle bed mit Meme, and I say  
ze prayer vot Meme say.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

## HE NOT COME.



LL ze time in ze day  
 Meme go up to ze vin-  
 dow, and votch dot her  
 fader come; and ven ze  
 bell ring to ze door, ce  
 tink dot he have come, and quick ce  
 run, but he have not come.

“ Von time von man come dare, and  
 vile he mend ze vindow, he talk mit  
 Meme, and ven ce tell him vot her  
 name be, he say dot he know her  
 fader, dot he have see him, and dot he  
 vill tell him vare ce be. Zen Meme  
 ce hop and ce jump and ce laugh, and

ce be too glad. All ze days ce go up to ze vindow, and ce look and ce look ; and ze voman put on Meme von oder frock. Ce give Meme ze locket, and ce give her much tings, ven ce tink dot Meme's fader come. But much days he not come ; and von time ze voman vill take away ze locket fon Meme, and ven Meme say dot ce not give it, dot ce have got ze gold fon her moder, and ze votch, and all ze tings, ce strike Meme.

“Zen ven it bees dark, ze voman come away mit Meme and mit me in von oder big house, vare much ze girls and much ze boys be vot have no fader and vot have no moder ; and ven ze voman have talk mit ze lady dare, ce go away, but ce leave Meme dare, and ce leave me dare. Long time Meme stay dare, and I stay dare.



Meme go in ze school, and I go in ze school, mit ze boys and mit ze girls. And Meme read mit zem ze English, and ven ce learn ze vords, ce tell me ze vords, and when I know ze vords, I talk mit zem, and Meme talk mit zem.

“Ze lady dare be good, but all ze time, ven Meme go in ze bed, ce cry dot her fader not come, and dot ce not fine him.”

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## CHAPTER XVII.

## ZEY NOT FINE HER.



ON time ven it bees cold, too cold, and ze vinds blow, Meme say dot ce go, dot ce fine her fader, dot ce know vare he be ; and ven ze lady not know it, ce get her bonnet and ce get her shawl, and ce kiss me much times ; and ce say dot ven ce come back, ce vill bring her fader mit her, and ce vill take me away ; and zen ven nobody see, ce go out. Long time ce go, and ven it bees night, ce have not come back.

“ Ze lady come and ce tell me, Vare

is Meme ? and I tell ze lady ce go dot ce fine her fader. Zen ze lady tell ze man dot he go and he fine Meme ; and ven long time ze man not come back, ze lady ce go ; but zey not fine her.

“In ze morning von man come dare, and he bring Meme mit him in hees arms ; and von her hand be freezed, and von her feet be freezed, and Meme cry ; and ce tell ze lady dot vile ce fine her fader, ce have loss ze vay, and ce bees cold, and ce go up ze step to von door, but zey not let her come in ; and ce go up ze step to von oder door, but zey not let her come in. All ze time ce do dot : ce go up and ce go up, but zey not let her come in, and some ze time zey sut ze door, ven zey not know vot ce say. Zen ce bees too cold, and vile ce wait by von door, ce sleep on ze stone ; and ze man vot vatch in ze

street, he fine her dare all vite mit ze snow. He bring her away to hees place, and he varm her, and ce cry and ce cry ; and in ze morning von man bring her home to ze lady ; and long time Meme bees in ze bed, and ce bees sick, and ce cough, — much ce cough.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## CE GO IM HIMMEL.



UCH times ze doctor come dare, and he give Meme ze medicine, but ce not get vell ; and von time, ven I go to ze bed vare ce be, ce tell me dot ce die. Zen I cry, and Meme cry ; and ce tell me dot ven her fader come, I vill tell him dot ze voman have got ze gold fon her moder, and ce have got ze locket, and ze vatch, and all ze tings. Zen Meme kiss me, and ce tell me dot I vill tell her fader dot ce love me, and dot he vill take me away mit him ; and vile

Meme say dot, ce cry and ce cough. Zen quick ce not cough, and too quick ze lady come dare; and ven ce call Meme, Meme ce not hear, — ce have go im Himmel, ce have die, ce be dead. Ze lady cry; and all ze girls and ze boys come in, and ven zey see Meme dare, zey cry. Zen ze lady ce make nice tings, and ce put zem on Meme, all vite like ze snow; and von man bring dare ze box vot zey put Meme in, and it bees smooth like ze glass, and it open vare her face be; and all ze girls and ze boys see Meme, ven ce bees in ze box all vite. And von oder lady dare vot love Meme and vot teach her ze English, put ze flowers in ze box mit Meme; and ce kiss her, and I kiss her, and ze lady kiss her; and ze man make ze box tight, and he go away off mit Meme, and he put her in ze ground.”

## CHAPTER XIX.

## ZE GOOD MAN.



**L**ONG time I stay dare, and  
 Meme's fader not come ;  
 but von day von good  
 man come dare, and he  
 lif me vay high in hees  
 arms, and ven I feel him mit my hands,  
 he have von big hat, mit no hair on  
 hees head, and mit no but-tens on hees  
 coat. Some English he speak, and  
 some English he not speak. All ze  
 time he say zee and zou, zee and zou ;  
 and ven he say dot he love me, and dot  
 he vill take me away mit him, I tink  
 he bees Gott — dot He have come, and

He vill take me im Himmel mit my moder, and mit ze baby, and mit Meme, and I hold him tight aroun mit my arms; and ven ze lady say dot I go, and ce tell me Good-by, too quick I take my hand away,—I tink dot ce keep me.

“Zen ze good man come mit me in hees carriage, and he make hees coat come roun me; and ven he come to hees house, he go up ze steps mit me in hees arms; and ven he have ring ze bell, ze lady come to ze door, and ze good man tell her dot he have got me. Zen he stand my feets down on ze floor, and he come mit ze tring, and he make it go roun me, and he make it how long I bees; and he make hees fing-er go on my feets, and he make ze tring go roun my head.

“Zen ze lady take me down ze stair



and ze voman dare put me in ze vater, and ce vash me and ce vash and ce vash; zen ce vipe and ce vipe; zen ce comb and ce comb, and ce make my curls come roun her fing-er. Zen ze good man have come back, and he bring mit him von leetle coat, and ze sirt and ze trouser vot I have, and ze stockings and ze shoes and ze hat; and ze lady ce put zem on me, and ce put von leetle hankchief in my pocket; and ce bring someting vot smell like ze rose, and ce spill it on my head, and ce spill it on my hands and on my hankchief, and ce vet my face mit it. Zen ze lady ce kiss me much times, much times ce kiss; and ze good man kiss me, and he lif me in hees arms, and he come away mit me up ze stair to ze parlor, and ze lady bring me ze cake.

“Georgy come fon ze school, and

Mary come fon ze school, and Franky, and ven zey talk, zey say zee and zou.

“I love ze good man, and I love ze lady; but I know dot ze good man bees not Gott, dot he not take me im Himmel mit my moder, and mit ze baby, and mit Meme. But he love me dare; and Georgy love me, he give me ze pennies in my pocket; and Mary love me, ce kiss me much times; and Franky say dot he vill give me hees horse vot go vay up and vay down, but he not valk, he have not ze life. He bees von vood horse, mit ze bridle and mit ze saddle ‘on him, and Franky’s fader have buy him to ze store; and much times Franky ride on him, and I ride on him.”

## CHAPTER XX.

## ZE BIG MONEYS.



SUALLY when Little Ja-key stopped his sweet talk, it was like the running down of a music-box, but not always as easy to set him going again. Besides, at the close of the last chapter he seemed to think his story ended, and put up his face for a kiss, as much as to say; Now please love me a little, and not tease me any more. So I yielded to his mood, and petted him awhile; wound his curls around my finger, and talked with him about

everything likely to amuse him, until coming to a little pause in the conversation, I said, —

“ How long did you stay with those *thee* and *thou* friends, Jakey? How long did the good man keep you with him in his house? ”

“ O, big long time I stay dare,” he said, “ and von time I come mit Mary in ze school vare ce go, and all ze Sundays ze lady and ze good man say dot I come mit zem all to ze Mecting. I love Mary; ce give me ze flowers, and I slept mit her in ze bed; and all ze time I go mit her in ze garden, and ce tell me ze vords and ze flowers vot I not know.

“ Much times ven ze peoples come dare vot say zee and zou, ze good man lif me in hees arms, and he tell me dot I talk mit zem, and much zey kiss me.

Von time von man give me in my pocket ze big moneys, and zen Mary ce come mit me to ze store, and ce sell zem, and ce buy me ze coat mit ze but-tens, vot I veer in ze Meeting. And ven I go to ze Meeting, Mary ce tie ze ribbon roun my hat, and ce bruss me, and ce vash me, and ce make my curls come roun her fing-er, like my moder ; and ce valk mit me to ze Meeting, and all ze time I sit mit her dare.

“ Von day, ven ze good man say dot he bring me here in ze Institution, vare I read ze letters mit my fing-er, Mary say dot ce vill come mit me, and Georgy say dot he come, and Franky say dot he come ; and Franky’s fader say dot he may, and zey all come in ze carriage, and ze lady come. Ven zey go away I not go mit zem, I stay here.

Von time Mary have come here, and ce kiss me much times, and ce bring me ze flowers, and ce bring me ze cakes; and ven ce go away ce cry, and ce say dot ce vill come von oder time, and ce vill bring Franky mit her. But ce have not come; von day ce vill come.”

## CHAPTER XXI.

## VILL GOTT KNOW?



AFTER the last dear sad words had fallen from Little Jakey's lips, he was silent again a long time; and supposing him thinking over about Mary and Georgy and Franky, and how happy he was with them all there, I did not disturb him. But at length, turning his dear face to mine again, he said to me almost in a whisper, —

“Vill Gott know vare I bees, and vill He fine me here, ven He come? My moder say dot He vill come, and I know He vill.”

“Certainly, you dear lamb,” I said, “God always knows where you are. His eyes never sleep. He sees everybody everywhere, in the night and in the day; He watches us always, and one day He will surely come for you.”

“Yes, I know dot He vill,” he whispered, “and He vill bring me im Himmel mit my moder, and mit ze baby, and mit Meme.”

Then hiding his sweet face in his little hands, the tears melted down over his cheeks, and I could not even presume to kiss them away. I only drew him closer in my arms, and rested my cheek tenderly upon his little head, while his pure sorrow seemed drawing pitying angels around him, until I could almost hear the rustling of their wings. At last I said, —

“Come, dear Jakey, let us walk among the trees awhile.”



“I vill,” he replied, dropping his little hand in mine, as if willing to do whatever I wished. But while we passed around and around the grounds, I could see that his dear soul was too far away from this world to notice anything; even the birds were forgotten; and when I plucked the flowers and put them into his little hands, “Tank you,” he would say, and take no further notice of them.

Finally, thinking of nothing else that could possibly interest him, I proposed to pay the little saloon another visit, and treat ourselves to berries and cream again.

“Yes, I vill come mit you dare,” he said, but in a voice so plaintive that I could not help weeping tears of pity for him. Soon, however, we were by the little table again, and the

old Frenchman was stepping about in a manner that showed how well he was pleased with our visit. Out of doors he ran for the water, and down cellar for the cream and the ice, while Little Jakey and I took the liberty of walking around and examining his fruits. Thinking that a pine-apple might be a novelty to him, I placed one in his hands.

“O!” he exclaimed, “von time Mr. Dean have bring ze pine-opples to ze Institution, and ven he have cut zem in much pieces, he give zem to ze girls and to ze boys, and me he give von big piece; and some I give to Charly, and Henny give some of hees to Charly.”

Passing the bananas, —

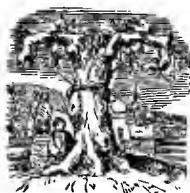
“I not like zem,” he said, “zey too much smell;” but coming to the oranges —

“O! O!” he exclaimed, as if a thought of delight had crossed his sweet mind, “von time Meme have got ze pennies, and ce buy ze orange, and some I eat, and some ce eat; and much times Mary have buy zem.”

Then crowding a large one into his little pocket, we went to take our berries.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## MY LIFE.



HE next day, being much engaged, and the afternoon rainy, I did not go to the park. At supper, however, I crossed over into the boys' dining-room to speak a word with my favorite there, Little Jakey, and get a kiss from his sweet lips, but found his little seat vacant. Knowing him though to be a general favorite, I imagined him faring better somewhere else, and thought no more of it until morning, when I went over to pay Mrs. Chamberlain a visit; and





HARLEY

LITTLE JAKEY'S DREAM

to my surprise, found Little Jakey there, pillowed in her arm-chair.

“Bless me!” I exclaimed, “what has happened to this dear treasure? Are you sick, Little Jakey?”

“No,” he replied, hardly able to speak, “I not sick, but I have got ze pain in my life,” placing his little hand on his chest, “dot bees all.”

“Why, the dear child is really very sick!” I said, “pray, what has happened to him?”

But before Mrs. Chamberlain could inform me, Little Jakey replied, —

“Vy, vile I hear ze birds sing in ze park, I not know it, and I sleep on ze ground; and vile I sleep I tink my moder and ze baby, and Meme mit her, some vare I be. I tink zey all come fon Himmel, and I see zem, and I talk mit zem, and zey talk mit me, and zey

say dot I vill go mit zem ; but ven I vake I bees sleep on ze ground, and ze big rains have come down, and zey have vet me too vet, and I bees too cold ; and ven, I tink I come to ze house, I not fine ze vay ; and I have got ze pain in my head, and ze pain in my neck. Long time I not fine ze vay ; zen long time Bridget ce come, and ce bring me to ze house, and ce put me in ze bed ; and in ze night I have got ze pain in my life.”

I knelt down before the dear, stricken lamb, and blaming my neglect of him, I kissed him many times, and tried to smooth the pain from his little brow ; but what I felt, words can never speak.

From the first I had called him an angel, but now he seemed to me verily all sacred, as something touched by



God himself; and when I remembered too how longingly he had sighed to go to heaven and be with his dear mother, his baby sister, and sweet Meme, and how earnestly he had inquired if God would surely find him there, I could almost see the death-angel covering him with his white wings. Mrs. Chamberlain was also much concerned for Little Jakey, and had already nearly covered his little body over with plasters. "Besides," she said, "the Board meet to-day, and I have sent to have our good Dr. Wood come up and see him the moment he arrives."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## DOES THEE SEE ?



HE next morning Little Jakey was regularly installed in the sick room, and in the afternoon, while Dr. Wood and Dr. Clements were sitting in consultation by his little bed, I heard Dr. Wood say, —

“ Does thee see ? this child is more angel than human.”

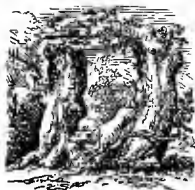
“ Just so,” rejoined Dr. Clements, “ and that is why I have so little hopes of him ; he already looks ethereal enough to fly.”

“These thirty years,” continued Dr. Wood, “I have visited the sick, but never before have my eyes looked on so patient a sufferer. Why! the burning pangs of that little chest, sir, would make either of us groan aloud. But just watch the writhing muscles of that little face, and see how those dear lips are shut in patient silence, and all, doubtless, to spare us the pain of hearing his little groans. O, why is it that children are sufferers, and especially such innocent lambs as these, — can thee tell?”

“I do not know,” replied Dr. Clements in his usual prompt way, “unless it is because God would have a heaven peopled with mortals, and suffering is a wonderful purifier, as well among children as men.”

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## SAIR GOOT.



AYS passed, but the doctors would not say that they thought Little Jakey any better. Some days, however, he was able to be pillowed up in an arm-chair, and amuse himself a little with the toys the children were constantly bringing him, for by this time the desire to do something for Little Jakey had come to pervade the whole house; and notwithstanding their favors of cakes and candies were often as distasteful to him as they would

have been injurious, Little Jakey had too much regard for the feelings of those who brought them ever to decline anything, but for the smallest favor he would always say, in his sweet, polite way, "I tank you," and sometimes, forgetting his little English, he would add in his own language, "Tu bist sair goot." But no sooner had the little visitors left than he would begin to call, —

"Miss Vild, Miss Vild, I tink you may take zem and put zem in ze cupboard. I tink I not vant zem. Ven Charly come, you may give zem to him; he like zem, much Charly like zem."

Sickness and pain generally weaken our sensibilities, and lessen our nice regard for the feelings and comfort of others; but not so with Little Jakey.

“Never,” said the nurse, “could I persuade him to be undressed while any person was in the room; and often too, when I wished merely to change the plasters on his little chest, he would hesitate, until I assured him that no person in the world was looking at him.”

Once, sitting by his little bed, I discovered that he was trying very hard to keep awake, and I said to him softly, —

“Dear Jakey, why do you not shut those sweet eyes of yours, and go to sleep? Surely you must be sleepy.”

“Yes, but I tink I not sleep.”

“O, do sleep, Jakey,” I said, “and then you will feel so much better when you wake.”

“Yes,” he replied again, “but vile

I sleep, ze pain make me groan, and Mattie ce hear me, and ce not sleep.”

Mattie was then very sick also, and lying on a little bed not far from his.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## ZE BOX.



NE morning Mr. Artman, a German gentleman, who belonged to the Institution, came over to see Little Jakey, and taking a seat close by his little bed, addressed him very tenderly in his own language; but Little Jakey manifested so little interest in his visit that finally Miss Wild, the nurse, said to him, —

“ You like Mr. Artman, do you not, Jakey ? ”

“ Yes, some I like him,” he an-



swered, "but von time he have tell me dot I not mind my moder, and I sall mind my moder," his eyes swimming with tears, and his little bosom heaving at the bare thought of disobedience to that dear, precious mother.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Artman, "is it possible that the child can have remembered that circumstance so long? Why, this was the way of it: the first day he came here, when his friends had left him, he cried and took on so that Mr. Chamberlain brought him over to my room, thinking that, speaking German, I might be able to do something to divert him; and so I took him on my lap, and pettingly told him that he should not mind his mother, meaning, you see, that he should not cry for her. But the little fellow must have understood me to

say that he should not obey his mother, which I would not have said for the world. Certainly a dear little boy should mind his mother. Now I understand too why he slid down from my lap so quickly, threw himself on the floor, and sobbed nearly all the afternoon, hardly heeding a word that I said to him."

Little Jakey understood the explanation perfectly, and in token that he had forgiven it all, put out his little hand to Mr. Artman, who lifted him into his arms, and held him on his lap a long time, talking with him in his own language, and receiving from Little Jakey's pale lips many kisses of love and pardon.

But what surprised us most of all was, when Mr. Artman was about leaving, Little Jakey asked Miss Wild for

his little box of moneys, which had been presented to him mostly by visitors, and placing it in Mr. Artman's hand, he said to him, in his own sweet way, —

“You vill keep ze leetle box mit you. Von time Jeem and Fred vill come in ze America, and ven zey come, you vill give ze big money to Jeem, and ze leetle moneys to Fred; and you vill tell zem dot I have go im Himmel mit my moder, and mit ze baby, and mit Meme.”

This was dear Little Jakey's will. We were all standing around him, and when he said, “You vill tell zem dot I have go im Himmel mit my moder, and mit ze baby, and mit Meme,” every heart was touched, and all our eyes filled with tears, while it seemed that up in heaven the angels must have

hastened to turn back the records they keep, and on the glittering page where all love deeds are preserved, write down the last will and testament of Little Jakey.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## HOME.



At last the usual time for vacation had come, and all who had homes or friends to go to were to take their departure.

During breakfast, the long dining-rooms were a perfect buzz of hopeful, happy voices. Home, home, was on every lip, and in every thought, save with those to whom that word was but a memory, and with those, too, who had never known it.

Mr. Chamberlain, the good Superintendent, whose watchfulness over the

well ones of his charge was only surpassed by his care for the sick, entered and asked of the pupils a moment's silence.

“ Since,” said he, “ there are so many in the sick-room who will be obliged to remain here during the vacation, and others so ill that even a footfall must disturb them, I request that no one go there to say good-by, but all depart as quietly as you can. We who stay will take every possible care of them ; and God grant that we may be all spared to meet here again.”

The carriages which were to bear them to the cars and the steamers were already collecting at the front gates, the pupils and the teachers who were to accompany them were assembled in the parlors and lower halls, when little Henny, who had not understood Mr

Chamberlain's request, ran back to say good-by to Little Jakey. Quick as thought his little feet climbed the long stairs, and, putting his sweet face into the sick-room door, "Good-by, Little Jakey," he said, "when I come back, I will bring you something." Then back he ran, down, down the winding stairs and through the long halls to the front door, but to his amazement not a soul was there ; they had all gone into the coaches, and were too far away to be either called back or overtaken. The few who were left tried to comfort him, but he refused all comfort, and strolled about the halls, crying, "I want to go home ! I want to go home !" until finally Mr. Chamberlain returned from seeing the others off, and promised to write his father to come for him as soon as possible.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## ZE FLOWERS.



EXT to an empty heart, an empty house is the most desolate thing in the world; and so, like Little Jakey, I sought companionship that day with the birds, wandering over the grounds, and sitting musingly under the trees. Late in the afternoon, though, I remembered Little Jakey, and, chiding my long neglect of him, I hastened to the house, and entered the hall just as a little flower-girl was going out with but a solitary bouquet in her basket,



which I took of her, and passed on to the sick-room.

The day being very warm, Little Jakey's bed had been drawn around facing the window, and I found him sitting bolstered up there, with his long black curls laying out on the pillows, and dear Miss Wild sitting by, gently fanning him. I entered so carefully that he did not observe me, until I took his little hand in mine, when he exclaimed, —

“Vy! you not gone?”

“Certainly not, dear Jakey. Did you think I would go away and leave you here?”

“Vy! I tink you have go vay, vay off in ze carriages, mit zem all.”

“No, no,” I said, “and look here, my dear, I have brought you a bouquet, and let us pull it into pieces and see what we can make of it.”

Miss Wild brought the scissors, and cut the twine, and soon Little Jakey's bed was strewn over with the flowers, which, with the surprise of my return, made the dear lamb really happy. Indeed, I do not remember ever having seen him so cheerful as he was that evening. Making a little hoop from a piece of wire, I twined him a wreath, while he amused himself handing me the flowers for it, and feeling over their soft leaves, and asking their names.

“How very singular,” exclaimed Miss Wild, as she sat looking on, “that his little fingers can distinguish them so readily. Do you see? whether large or small, he never asks the name of the same kind of flower but once.”

At length the wreath was done, and when we placed it on his little head, —

“Vy!” he exclaimed, “von time my moder have veare ze flowers like dis. Ce go vare von lady sing vot have come fon Italy; my fader go mit her dare. And von time ze lady come to my moder’s house, and ce sing to ze harp, and ce sing to ze piano, and my moder and my fader sing mit her; and ce stay dare to ze supper, and much peoples come to ze supper.”

Here our good friend, Mr. Dean, came in, and, after going around to all the little beds and leaving with each little sufferer something from his generous pocket, and words of comfort from his great, good heart, that were always better than any medicine, he came to see Little Jakey.

“Why, my little man,” he said, “I have brought you some oranges; but you are looking so much like an angel,

or a fairy, this evening, that I have my doubts whether you can eat oranges."

"Yes," said Little Jakey, "I tink I eat zem," striving to clasp an immense one in his little hands.

Then Mr. Dean helped him to make a hole in it, from which he sipped the cool acid as if it were nectar.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## HOW VILL IT BE ?



REMAINED with Little Jakey that night, and when all were still, and the night taper was glimmering faintly through the room, I felt his little hand pull mine, as if he would draw me closer to him.

“What, dear?” I said, stooping over him.

“I tink I die,” he whispered; “I tink I go im Himmel mit my moder, and mit ze baby, and mit Meme.”

“Why, Jakey,” I asked, coaxingly, “what makes you think so?”

“Vy, ven ze baby die, ce be sick ; and ven my moder die, ce be sick ; and ven Meme die, ce be sick ; and I be sick, and I tink I die.”

“So you are, very sick indeed, dear Jakey,” I said, “but you will not be sorry to die, will you, dear ?”

“No, I not sorry ; but all ze time I tink, how vill it be ? Ven Gott take me im Himmel, vill He come mit me in ze leetle boat ? zen vill He come mit me in ze big boat, mit ze big fire ? and zen vill He come in ze big ship, mit ze tree vay high, and mit ze sail ? and ven ze vinds blow too hard, and ze ship come crash on ze rock, and all ze peoples cry, vill Gott hold me tight in Hees arms, like my moder ?”

“Yes, you dear, dear child,” I said, “God will surely keep you close in His arms always, and when you come

where He is, dear Jakey, your sweet eyes will have the light in them. You will see the stars then, and the angels, and all the good people who have gone to Heaven from this world, and God, and His dear Son, Jesus. You know about Him, do you not? He loves little children."

"Yes, I know Him," he said; "my moder have tell me dot von time He have come fon Himmel in ze vorld, and ze wicked men have kill Him; zey have nail Him to ze tree; and my moder say dot Jazu be ze Lord, and dot He love ze little children, and von time He have lif zem in Hees arms; and He say dot He love zem all, and dot He vill bring zem im Himmel mit Him, ven zey bees good. Meme ce know Him too, and much times ce talk mit Him in ze prayer vot ce say; and

ce say dot He hear her, ce know He do. Ze good man know him, and much he talk mit Him in ze Meeting; but to ze table he not talk, he tink mit Him, mit hees hands so (crossing his own little ones, as if in the act of devotion). Georgy do dot vay, and Franky, and zey all; and Mary tell me, and I do dot vay.”

Here Little Jakey was interrupted by a coughing spell so severe that I regretted having allowed him to talk so long. But after awhile, recovering a little, he asked again with great earnestness, —

“How vill it be? If Gott not know ven I die, and if He bees not here, vill zey keep me von day and von day, vile He come?”

“O yes, dear Jakey,” I said; “but God will be here. He is here now



Let me explain it to you. God is a great Spirit, and He is everywher. You have a little spirit in you, too. Jakey, that makes you talk and think and feel ; now, while your spirit is shut up in your little body here, it cannot see God, but when this little body dies, your spirit will come out, and then it will see God, and see everything, and have wings and rise up, like the angels, and fly away to Heaven, or Himmel, as you call it.”

I was wondering what Little Jakey was thinking of this, when, after a moment, he exclaimed, —

“Vy ! ven my moder have make me in ze pic-sure, ce make me mit vings, but ce not say dot I have ze vings, ven I come im Himmel. Heaven bees in America, but Himmel bees in Germany. My moder go dare, and ce say

dot Gott vill come, and He vill bring me mit Him dare, vare ce be.”

Knowing how tenaciously he was wont to cling to any impression received from his mother, and fearing to excite his little mind too much, I instantly yielded all to his sweet idea of going back to Germany after death, and then to Himmel, and I went on whispering to him soothingly, —

“Yes, my dear lamb, it will be all just as your mother told you. God will surely come for you, and take you where she is, and where all good people are, and you will be very, very happy there. You will never be sick any more, and never feel pain any more. There, too, you can lie down upon the soft grass and the sweet flowers, and look up at the beautiful skies all the day long, and hear the birds

singing in the balmy trees, with soft feathers and bright wings. God is there, and He makes it light always — the night never comes. Rivers are there, too, and you will hear the waters murmuring all the day long. The flowers, too, bloom always; the leaves never fall from the trees, and the birds never go away. You love to hear Jessie and the birds sing here, but there all the angels have harps of gold, and they make music upon them such as God delights to hear; and they wear robes of white, too, with crowns of gold upon their heads, and they love and praise God forever.”

“I wish I come dare now!” said Little Jakey, so earnestly as to quite startle me, and the more as I had imagined him being lulled to sleep by the monotony of my voice

“O, tell me more !” he said ; “tell me more !”

“Yes, darling, I would tell you more ; but you must shut your sweet eyes now and go to sleep ; it is very late, and you have not slept this long time. That is a good child, now.”

“No,” he said, “ven I sut my eyes, zey not sut, and ven I tink I sleep, I not sleep.”

“But you must sleep now, dear Jakey,” I said, “and to-morrow I will tell you more.”

“Vell, I try,” he whispered ; and of his own accord straightened down his little limbs in the bed, folded his little arms across his breast, and lay so perfectly motionless that I went around and asked Miss Wild to come and look at him. She did so, and when we had sat by him some time, lighting our

thoughts upward by the holy radiance that seemed beaming from his angel face, he whispered, —

“ I bees cold ; too cold I bees. I tink I die ; I tink I go im Himmel now mit my moder, and mit ze baby, and mit Meme. Vill Gott come, and vill He fine me here ? How vill it be ? How — vill — it — be ? ”

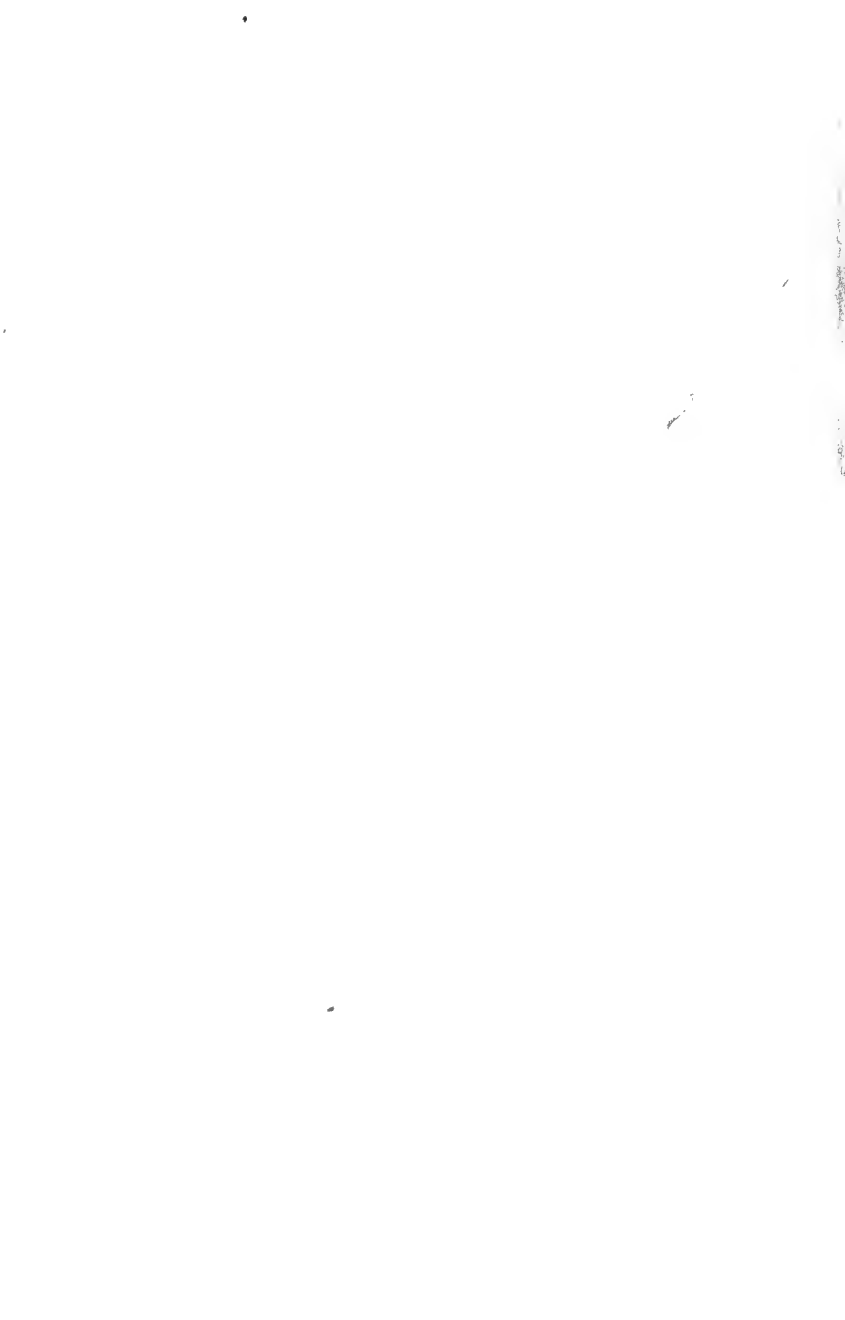
We sprang to him, and leaning over his little form, and feeling that his pulse was really still, and his sweet breath hushed forever, Miss Wild exclaimed, “ Why, the dear lamb is gone, surely gone ! ” and it seemed that her heart would break, while she wept and sobbed over the little stranger who had so long shared her tender care. Then gently smoothing down his long white night robe, and pressing his little feet in her warm, loving hands, —

“The dear, tiny things,” she said. “they are cold already. No light has blessed their journey through this world; but, God be praised, they are gone, treading now where there is light and love for all.”

The beams of the morning were just glimmering through the shutters, when, with tears of pitying love dropping down over our cheeks, we kissed Little Jakey’s dear mute lips farewell. Miss Wild closed down his dear eyes, and placed the wreath above his head again, and we bowed ourselves by his little lonely bed, while the angels bore his pure spirit away.



"HOW VILL IT BE?"





## CHAPTER XXIX.

## NEVER MORE.



HE next day, toward evening, when Little Jakey had been bathed and robed in pure white, and placed in his little coffin, and all there who could see had looked on his smiling face for the last time, Rev. Dr. Turner, President of the Theological Seminary, came up and made a prayer that moved all our hearts to tears. Then a portion of the funeral service was said, the solemn Amen was pronounced, and they bore

Little Jakky down the long stairs from Chapel over to Greenwood, where they laid him down to rest so low under the trees that he may sleep there a pleasant sleep, while over his little bed the birds earol their sweetest songs, and the rains and the storms never more disturb him.

EXTRACTS FROM EDITORIAL NOTICES OF

“LITTLE JAKEY,”

BY MRS. HELEN ALDRICH DE KROYFT.

Published by HURD AND HOUGHTON, 13 Astor Place, New York,  
(RIVERSIDE PRESS, Cambridge.)

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“There is a naturalness and pathos in this book, that must loosen the heart-strings of every one that reads it.” — *Christian Mirror*.

“This is really one of the most affecting stories we have read, and though a genuine child’s book, will be read and remembered by many older people. Little Jakey is allowed to tell his story in his own way, instead of having the touching sweetness of his child-like utterances spoiled by being put into ‘grown folks’ language. We bespeak for this book a large circulation.” — *Boston News*.

“‘Little Jakey’ is an exquisite story, and as beautiful as a child’s vision of a star.” — *New Bedford Mercury*.

“This book is nicely illustrated, and is well designed to interest not only children, but their sympathetic mothers.” — *Buffalo Courier*.

“‘Little Jakey’ is exquisite, imaginative, and pathetic to a degree that we dare not attempt to describe, for no one would believe us without having read the book.

“The best novelist could hardly have constructed a more complete and perfect plot, and no license the imagination could ask, would make it a more effective story. It is classic in its naturalness, its beauty, and its purity.” — *Concord Statesman*.

“The moral of this book is most unexceptionable.” — *Baltimore Gazette*.

“‘Little Jakey’ combines the interest of Robinson Crusoe with the most fascinating moral and religious qualities. It is in brief a genuine child’s book, and therefore interesting to the old as well as to the young. The style is for the most part conversational. Little Jakey being left to tell his own story in his own way, and a quaint, sweet little way it is, too, perfectly

natural and child-like. Indeed, we have often felt to pity children that they cannot have books written by *their compeers*, instead of the awkward imitations of themselves, given in most of juvenile works.

"Attracted by the beauty of the illustrations, the graceful dedication, and happy preface, we began to read this book, and were unable to lay it down until reaching the end we found our eyes moistening with something like tears, and an uncomfortable choking sensation in our throat, over the touching interrogatives of the dying little hero, 'How vill it be?' 'How-vill-it-be?'" If the author had been writing a fiction, instead of a veritable narrative of a blind orphaned waif, astray in New York, she would have had the sweet little Eva-like Meme live, find her father, and come to great prosperity. But truth is better than fiction, and heaven is the rightful home of all such motherless, homeless *little wanderers*." — *Springfield Union*.

"This is a story one can scarcely read, without having the tears come unbidden to the eyes." — *Albany Express*.

"Many of our readers will remember Mrs. De Kroyft, whose sad history of widowhood and blindness is so plaintively told in her earlier volume. She has devoted many years to literature, and has succeeded, in spite of her great deprivation, not only in supporting herself but in making others happy.

"Her present venture, 'Little Jakey,' is a very touching story, as interesting as a juvenile romance, and has beside the merit of entire truthfulness." — *Albany Evening Journal*.

"This decidedly unique volume will prove a very entertaining one to the little ones, who, like children of larger growth, are fond of variety.

"It is written in a charming style of broken English, and cannot fail to captivate." — *Bath Times*.

"The language of Little Jakey is not more remarkable than were the thoughts that ran in his little head. He was one of the child-saints that die young, and his story is very pathetic, though perfectly real and natural. The author would want no higher praise of her book, than to see a person of any sensibilities read it alone. There is not a word of temprance in the book, but Little Jakey is the most powerful temperance lecturer we have ever listened to. There is a glory of another world about some children, and there are those who have lost such children as this." — *Gospel Messenger*.

"This book is very touchingly written. Mrs. De Kroyft tells the story, reproducing accurately the queer German talk of the little hero, which may seem at first a little difficult, but no one will therefore leave it unread." — *New York Evening Mail*.

"We have rarely read a more touching story than 'Little Jakey,' by Mrs. H. A. De Kroyft. It is the history of a little blind orphaned waif, astray in New York, as told by himself, whose language was a delightful *patois*

of infantile Dutch, softened by touches of Italian." — *Boston Literary World*.

"Little Jakey" is a pretty story of child-life, the history of a little German blind boy given by himself,—*'An o'er true tale.'*" — *Boston Traveller*.

"This is a superbly printed and beautifully illustrated little duodecimo volume, in which Little Jakey tells his own story in his own broken English, which adds to its interest." — *Bangor Democrat*.

"This is a simple, pathetic, tenderly written story of a little blind boy, mostly told in his own language. We are assured by the author in the preface that Little Jakey really lived, and nothing is likelier than that the sad history he gives in his own broken English is a true one. The book is neatly bound and clearly printed. It deserves to be a favorite, and will doubtless become one." — *Washington Chronicle*.

"'Little Jakey' is the title of a beautiful little story-book by Mrs. H. A. De Kroyft, which Hurd and Houghton have brought out in their best style. It will touch all sympathies, and do much to increase the good there is in the world." — *The Commonwealth*.

"The tender, pathetic, simple narrative of Little Jakey, fills your eyes with tears. The book is very beautifully bound and printed, and will become a favorite in the Sabbath-school, home, or public library." — *Adams Transcript*.

"Little Jakey was a sweet spirit, early removed to the home of those who 'see the King in his beauty.' It is a sweet little volume, full of tender and good things." — *Providence Press*.

"'Little Jakey' is not especially a child's book, although its moral and the entire story is particularly adapted to the young. It is told mostly in childish broken English, but is easily understood. The dedication of this little book is peculiarly interesting, and we give it in full." — *Bridgeport Standard*.

"The pathetic story of a little German boy, an orphan and blind. Mrs. De Kroyft's former books have brought her hosts of friends, and this true narrative will be read by many with special interest." — *Village News*.

"This is one of the most fascinating little stories we have read in a long time. We took up the book carelessly to see what it was about, and laid it down only after we had regretfully turned the last page. It is the story of a little German boy, with whom the writer became acquainted in the New York Institution for the Blind. The child gives the history of his sad life, in his infantine broken English, and the whole story is told by the writer in the sweetest and most beautiful style. Every word is touching, from the dedication to the closing page." — *Standard of the Cross*.

"'Little Jakey' — a touching memorial of a little blind orphaned waif in New York." — *Hearth and Home*.

"Little Jakey's character is very lovely, and his death at the end is extremely touching." — *Christian Era*.

"This is one of the most pathetic stories of New York life. Born blind, Little Jakey's troubles seemed to have followed him through his life in Germany, until drink (the evil of that country as well as this) drove him with his mother to America, and when *orphaned and alone*, we find him here with his beautiful, sightless eyes sighing for *wings* that he might fly away to 'Himmel vare Gott lives.' Truly the book is not amusing, but is full of the hidden pathos of a life which began in sorrow, and seemed more fit for heaven than earth." — *Newport Mercury*.

"A capital story for boys and girls, full of touching and pathetic scenes." — *Woonsocket Patriot*.

"A more genuinely pathetic story than that of 'Little Jakey,' we have rarely read or heard. In it the author tries only to put before us her little charge, as with the keen sympathy of kindred misfortune she came to know him and interpret his life.

"The result is a story more touching than any invention could be.

"'Little Jakey' is a picture in our memory, and we doubt not he will become so to thousands who will make his acquaintance through Mrs. De Kroyft's little book." — *The Universalist*.

"'Little Jakey' is remarkable for its child-like quaintness and picturesqueness. Few can read it with dry eyes." — *National Baptist*.

"An extraordinary story of a little blind German boy, beautifully told. It will be read with tender sympathy." — *The New York Observer*.

"The announcement of another book by Mrs. De Kroyft will excite a local interest here, where she once resided, and has still many friends and acquaintances.

"In 'Little Jakey,' she has given us a simple, truthful, and affecting tale, stranger than fiction.

"To read this book will move a heart of adamant." — *Rochester Union and Advertiser*.

"A story told with sweetness and power." — *New York Evening Post*.

"This is a charming book for the little folks, with a lesson that might be useful to many older persons.

"We predict that it will be immensely popular." — *Watchman and State Journal*.

"Have you read that thrilling little book, entitled 'Little Jakey?' It should be among the household treasures of every family." — *Hampden Times*.

















